

# LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

VOL. IV.

LITCHFIELD, (CONN.) THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1830.

No. 51.—WHOLE No. 207.

## Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,  
By HENRY ADAMS.

**TERMS.**—To village and single mail subscribers 2 dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.  
To companies of any number over six, \$1 50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1 75 per year, payable as above. If 25 cents will be deducted from each of these prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.  
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## Pulmonary Consumption.

**Catastrophic and Asthmatic Disorders!**  
MORE than One Tenth of all the annual deaths in this Country and Great Britain, are stated to be caused by that insidious destroyer of human life, the

## CONSUMPTION!!!

Easily overcome in its infancy, it rapidly arrives if neglected at an unconquerable and terrific maturity. An obstinate, violent, and convulsive cough, is the inevitable forerunner when neglected of the PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and its attendant train of horrors: increased heat and pulse; nausea; oppression of the breast; greenish and bloody spittle; loss of appetite and increase of thirst; ulcerated lungs; clammy sweats and hectic fever; general emaciation of the body; shrivelled extremities; excessive and weakening discharges; sinking of the eyes; prostration of strength; burning palms and flushed cheeks; swollen feet and legs; and, at length, while the wretched sufferer is still sanguine of life, cold extremities and an agonizing death. These evils may be nipped in the bud by the timely administration of that long tried and invaluable Medicine

## Dr. Relfe's Asthmatic Pills,

which have been known to cure persons supposed to be far gone in a Consumption, and exhibiting all the appearance of approaching dissolution.

The Pills also constitute an excellent Pectoral Medicine. Those therefore who are troubled with the common coughs occasioned by acid humors, tickling in the throat, or defluxions upon the lungs, depriving the patient of refreshing sleep, and gradually introducing the train of Pulmonary affections, will receive from the use of the Pills, certain, and frequently the most sudden and cheering relief. They appease the cough, promote easy expectoration, relieve and often cure protracted, obstinate, and most distressing cases. Common Colds are generally removed by the Pills in a few hours.

These Pills also afford immediate relief in the harassing and suffocating complaint of the Asthma. In attacks of this disease characterized by difficulty of breathing; tightness and stricture across the breast and in the lungs; oppressive flatulence; wheezing; coughing and hoarseness; convulsions and other Asthmatic symptoms, the timely administration of Dr. Relfe's Pills, invariably mitigates the attack, often ensures permanent relief, and sometimes effects a radical cure.

The Pills may be taken with the most perfect safety, as they require in ordinary cases, no confinement, and may be administered with the utmost confidence to all ages and classes of people.

These popular Pills have been used by multitudes with unexampled success, in a vast variety of cases, from those of the slightest to those of the most confirmed character. Their powerful agency has been known to revive from the bed of sickness, the pallid, dejected, and emaciated victim, and send him back again to "the busy hum of men" an active man of business in the full enjoyment of the blessings of health.

In proof of which the following from a multitude of testimonials are respectfully submitted.

"I have tried your Dr. Relfe's Asthmatic Pills, in Asthma, difficulty of breathing and Consumption, when all other Medicine had failed, and have found them most excellent." Another physician writes—

"I have tried your Relfe's Asthmatic Pills with a patient of mine, whose case had resisted every thing—the cough has certainly left her." A correspondent writes—

"The Asthmatic Pills give such astonishing relief in cases of common colds, coughs, &c. no one can believe unless they make the trial." An Agent writes—

"Your (Dr. Relfe's Asthmatic) Pills have performed a miraculous cure in this town. A man about 50, had been confined some months; his feet and legs badly swollen, a bad cough; respiration difficult, and was given over by his physicians and friends, who considered him in a confirmed consumption; after taking three boxes of these Pills, all the threatening symptoms are removed, and he is fast recovering."

A gentleman of Plymouth, 70 years of age, was cured of an Asthma by three boxes, after having been afflicted upwards of thirty years.

A young Lady of Boston, was severely afflicted for three years with a violent cough, difficulty of breathing, spitting of blood, pain in the side, deprived of sleep, and universally debilitated. In this distressing state, after having tried all other Medicine in vain, and resigned as past relief, on taking only two boxes of these pills, her cough and the whole of her symptoms left her, sleep was restored, and her health was perfectly established.

(Price \$1 for whole boxes of 30 Pills, and 50 cents for half do. of 15 Pills, with directions.)

Prepared from the original Recipe in MS. of the late Dr. W. T. Conway, by his immediate Successor, and the Sole Proprietor, T. Kidder, and sold by him at his Consulting Room over No. 99, Court-st., corner of Hanover streets, Boston, and also by his special appointment, (together with all the valuable Medicine as prepared by the late Dr. Conway), by

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Litchfield, New-Milford, Danbury, Norwalk, and New-York, By Stage and Steam.

Leaves Park's Hotel, in Litchfield, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 P. M. (after the arrival of the stage from Hartford) lodges at New-Milford—thence to Danbury next morning, and reaches Norwalk in time for passengers to take the steam boat for New-York. Fare through to New-York, less than any other line from Litchfield.

RETURNING—Takes the Norwalk passengers at New-Milford, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and arrives in Litchfield in season for passengers to take the Hartford stage. For seats in Litchfield, apply at the Bar of Park's Hotel.

H. BARNES, Proprietor.

May 6, 1830

## THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK.

Besides these interesting and usual articles, there are four entitled the Toilet, the Escritoire, Embroidery, and the Ornamental Artists. Let us take a glance at the Toilet:

"It will be a laudable ambition in her to curb those excesses of 'each revolving mode,' with which she is in some measure obliged to comply; to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) wherever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent; to learn the valuable art of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or agreeably contrasting, with the other portions of the attire. It is a truth which should ever be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is often displayed, and a better effect produced, by a paucity or total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations."

That is sound doctrine. A discreet, but not a servile, observance of fashion is then inculcated, and all young ladies warned against extremes. It is rash to adopt every new style immediately as it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful, being abandoned even before the first faint impression they produce is worn off; and a lady, it is well observed, can scarcely look much more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existence, never attained a moderate share of popularity. It seems to be a fancy of her own. She is thought to be self-willed at all times; when the wind is due east—mad.

On the other hand, they, who cautiously abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, often fall into the opposite fault "of becoming its proselytes at the eleventh hour. They afford, in autumn, a postobit remembrance to their acquaintance of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the farther disadvantages of falling into each succeeding mode when time and circumstances have defamed and degraded it from 'its high and palmy state'; they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which have heaped upon it subsequent to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence long after it has become popular. Its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior materials, until the original design becomes so vulgarized as to disgust."

The great first principle of dress is—adaptation. Fashion imperiously upsets it, and reduces half her subjects to dowdies. For what but a dowdy can a dumpty woman be, condemned to dress in a mode especially invented for some tall, slender arbitress of taste? We differ from Lord Byron, who said,

"Now, on my soul, I hate a dumpty woman."

You may, indeed, so identify to your imagination the meaning of "dumpty," that neck and legs, and every thing but face and body are lost; and you see, in your own mind's eye, only smiling waddle of the female fatness. But that it is not fair; and you might as well spindly up a tall woman into a Maypole, all one thinness from ankle to collarbone. Place the two together—each at her very worst—and, for our single selves, we prefer the dumpty woman.

Dress a dumpty woman, then, as a dumpty woman ought to be dressed, according to the first great principle of dress—adaptation—and you tenderly squeeze the hand of a very comely body—with a bosom white as a drift of snow. How, indeed, a dumpty woman ought to be dressed is another guess matter; but we may answer the question so far by negatives. She must not have on her head a cap two feet high; for then, besides that men are afraid of catching a tartar, instead of thereby adding two feet to her stature, she takes two off, and thus measures to the eye exactly two feet, on her high-heeled shoes. But such cap extends her laterally beyond all customary or reasonable bounds—and you wonder how she got in at a drawing room door of the usual dimensions. Her neck being short by hypothesis, Dumpty ought not to wear a necklace of great breadth, if for no other reason than it gives the spectators pain to see jaw-bone and collarbone suffering under the same instrument of torture. Neither ought our fat friend to heap a quantity of drapery upon her shoulders; for she ought to remember that they are already in the immediate neighborhood of her ears; and that her ear-rings (which, by the way, had better be left at home) will be lost in the muslin. Nothing is more perplexing to a naturalist than the apparent union of the head-gear and the shoulders of something in white. Six flounces on such a figure ought assuredly not to be; for supposing all our negatives to be affirmatives, and a dumpty woman to dress herself against us by the rule of contraries, and who could tell whether she were a dumpty, a dowdy, or a dodo?

Taste and judgment are apt to get bewildered in—hair. What must a young lady do who has a head of it fiery red? Why, she must take a lesson from the sun behind a cloud. Let her cover it partly with some eclipsing net-work, that subdues the colour down to that of the coat of the captain who whisks her in the waltz.

By such judicious treatment, and by grown of corresponding and congenial hue, red hair may be tamed down into what, by courtesy, may be called a bright auburn. A fair skin and a sweet smile aid the delusion—if delusion it be—thus Danish locks do execution—and the "Lass with the golden hair" is by many thought the beauty of the night. But,

"Whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head; and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is, and thus causing what is thereby petite to appear insignificant. If the hair is closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should, nevertheless, continue to wear drooping clusters of curls; and, although it be customary to part their hair in the centre, the division should be made on 'one side if it grow low on the forehead, and beautifully high on the temples; but, if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides; whatever temptations Fashion may offer to the contrary. As it would be in bad taste for a fair young lady, who is rather short in stature, however pretty she may be, if irregular as well as petite in her features, to take for a model in the arrangement of her hair, a cast of a Greek head; so also would it, for one whose features are large, to fritter away her hair—which ought to be kept, as much as possible, in masses of large curls, so as to subdue, or at least arrange with her features—into such thin and meagre ringlets as we have seen trickling, 'few and far between,' down the white brow of a portrait done in the days of our First King Charles.—There are but few heads which possess, in a sufficient degree, the power to defy the imputation of looking absurd, or inelegant, if the hair be dressed in a style inconsistent with the character of the face, according to those canons of criticism, which are founded upon the principles of a sure and correct taste, and established by painters and sculptors in every highly-civilized nation for ages past."

Young ladies ought never to wear many flowers in their hair, or many leaves, whatever be the fashion. If a bud, it should just peep out, now and then, while the lovely wearer, with a light laugh, sweetly waves her ringlets to some pleasant whisper; if a full blown rose, let it—as ye hope to be happily married—be a white one.—York for the hair, Lancaster for the bosom.

We are partial to pearls. They have a very simple, very elegant, very graceful, very innocent look; with a certain pure, pale, poetical gleam about them, that sets the imagination dimly a-dream of mermaids & sea-nymphs gliding by moonlight along the yellow sands. Be that as it may, we are partial to pearls, even though they be but paste—provided all the rest of the fair creature's adornments be chaste and cheap, and especially if you know that her parents are not rich,—that she is a nurse to several small sisters, and that her brothers are breeding upon the army, navy, bar, and church.

Nothing in art more beautiful than—Lace!

"A web woven air!" as it been charmingly called by one, who knows how to let it float charmingly over brow or bosom. How perfectly simple it always seems, even in its utmost richness! So does a web of dew veiling a lily or a rose! It imparts delicacy to the delicate forehead, from whose ample gleam it receives a more softening fineness in return; it alone seems privileged, in its exquisite tenuity, to float over the virgin bosom, whose moving beauty it veils, without hiding, from Love's uproaching eyes!

So much—yet but little, indeed—for head and breast. The whole figure has yet to be arrayed; but has old Christopher North become a tire-woman, even to his own Theodora? What then? Corporeal—spiritual!—Oh! heaven! and oh! earth! which is which, asketh something, as we gaze on and down the clear wells of Theodora's eyes! Materialism—Immaterialism! What mean words like these? Does clay think, feel, sigh, smile, weep, agonize in bliss and bale, go mad, and die? Be it even so,—or be the thought called impious—what then? For, is not Virtue the beauty of our being; and are we not all—the children of Heaven?

We verily believe, that of all pleasures on this earth, the most innocent is that which flows from the love of dress. A weak young woman, who has neither husband nor children, but much time on her hands, would weary her own life out in solitude, and the lives of others in society, were it not for dress. What would be the use of needles and pins, thimbles, scissors, &c. but for dress? The weak young woman in question is perpetually angling away

at some article or other of wearing apparel, from cap to petticoat; and thus has a refuge from idleness, the most dangerous of all conditions, in which she can be left alone with even a Militia Officer.

Young ladies, with intelligent and well cultivated minds, again, draw the same delight from dress as from poetry, or painting, or sculpture. It is by far the finest of the Fine Arts. One young lady is distinguished for taste, another for feeling, and another for genius; and now and then, one gifted being possesses them all three in union irresistible. Her happiness must be perfect. Wherever she moves, her steps, noiseless though they be, are yet heard through the hush of admiration. She feels that she wins all hearts, and charms all ears, and for that feeling do you think it at all probable that Satan will get her into his clutches, and off with her to the bottomless pit?

Only think of a Slattern? Nay, do not shudder: we are not going to describe one,—but do just for a moment let one glide greasily before your imagination, along with the thought of—marriage. Would you not rather marry twenty tidy girls, than one single slattern?

## FEMALE PREACHING.

The editor of the Camden S. C. Journal, is on most occasions an honest fellow and a chivalrous, so far as the ladies are concerned—he even prides himself upon his special gallantry—he would have the world, or at least all the fair creatures who inhabit it, look upon him as a very knight-errant—another Amadis de Gaul—and yet he had the temerity to pen the paragraph, which we quote below. Why in the name of consistency, brother Daniels, should not women be heard—in the church as well as in the parlour? Why should not the meek invitations to virtue and holiness be listened to from the lips of the purest and most beautiful of Earth—as well as from the rude, the stern, the unforgiving and the forbidding? We all know that the loveliness of virtue is never more apparent than when we hear its praises from the impassioned heart and lip of woman. The ladies already are beginning to monopolize business—thanks to the kind creatures—they are taking upon their own pretty selves the burthens hitherto borne by the "lords of creation." They have Bible Societies and Missionary Societies; Anti-Masonic, Anti-Sabbath-Mail, and Anti-Removing-the-Indians Societies.—They have their Temperance Associations and their Reading Rooms, and last, not ker Hill Monument—and rearing above the blood stained eminence, by one and the same exertion, a lofty tribute to the valor of our fathers and an imperishable monument of the patriotism of their daughters. Really—it seems to us that, after so much has been yielded, it is nothing short of folly to resist the progress of "reform"—this amazon march to manhood. No—let the woman preach.—Essex Gazette.

**Female Preaching.**—The Viscountess Powerscourt, a beautiful and young Irish widow, is preaching and expounding the Scriptures at public assemblies in Brussels, with great eloquence and fervor. She opens the services with a hymn of which after touching a Piano Forte, she gives out the melody and first stanza. We should like very much to attend the young widow's "services," provided when she set down to the Piano, she continued there till "meeting ended," but as to the preaching portion of the concern, "Good Lord deliver us." The woman who preaches ought always to ride into the pulpit booted and spurred, upon a Virginia Race Horse, and commence services by a boxing match with an Irish bully. We would as soon see this "fascinating" Viscountess pitching quoits with a Yorkshireman, for a mug of two-penny ale, as hear her preach. Hear a woman preach—laugh!

**Dress the Mind.**—On the Sunday morning before going to church, what a dressing there is among all classes, and what a stir to appear gay and pleasing? Is it quite sufficient for the great purposes of our existence to wash the outside of the platter? Curls may be arranged, fine tortoise shell combs fixed, sparkling earrings hung, splendid garments placed, and yet perhaps the gay fair one's mind may be poisoned with conceit, troubled with rivalry, and kept on the torture by ignorance and vanity. Windsor soap does not wash out the stain of the heart. Cologne water cannot throw a fragrance over an impure mind; nor will all the rubies of Golconda dazzle the recording angel into a forgetfulness of filling up the leaves of the book of retribution.—Nat. Advocate.

**Anecdote.**—While the Court was sitting in Hanover, N. Y. a Lawyer happened to pass by a boy who was cutting wood at the door; the boy asked the Lawyer, what case was coming on that day, for said he, "I have a mind to go and hear you Lawyers plead—folks say, you Lawyers are smart fellows to talk;" to which the Lawyer replied, there is a case coming on between the Pope and the Devil, and which do you think will get their case asked the Lawyer. "I can't tell," said the boy, scratching his head; "the Pope has got the most money, but the Devil has got the most Lawyers."

## A TIRESOME GUEST.

He sits, and will forever sit:

There is belonging to the race of human bipeds, a sort of troublesome beings, who, setting no value on their own time, care very little how much they trespass on that of their more industrious neighbors. They are a sort of stay forever persons, who having talked over the whole world at one sitting, commence and talk it over anew, from beginning to end, before they are ready to take their leave. In a word, they sit, and sit, long enough to fully justify the motto we have just quoted. Besides their disposition to hang on, there is generally about these persons a wonderful hebetude, a slowness at taking a hint, unparalleled with the rest of the human race.

To give a single instance of this sitting propensity, we will introduce the story of a plain spoken old lady from the land of steady habits.

"I never seed the beat of that are Capt. Spinitout," said she; "would you believe it, be called at our house last evening just as I had done milking, and wanted to borrow my brass kittle for his wife to make apple sauce in. O yes, says I, she may have it in welcome, Captain Spinitout; and I went directly and fetched it out of the back room, and set it down by him. Well, presently our tea was ready, and I couldn't do less than ask him to take tea with us. O no, he said, he couldn't stay a minute; but however, he concluded he'd take a drink of cider with my husband, and so he did. Well, after we'd done tea, I took my knitting and worked till I thought it high time honest people should be a-bed. But Capt. Spinitout had forgot his hurry, and there he was still sitting and talking with my husband as fast as ever. I hate above all things to be rude, but I could not help hinting to the captain that he was growing late, and may be his wife is waiting for the kittle. But he didn't seem to take the hint at all—there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Finding that words wouldn't have any effect, I next rolled up my knitting work, set back the chairs, and told the gals 'twas time to go to bed. But the Captain didn't mind the hint no more than if it had been the bite of a flea—but there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Well, next I pulled off my shoes and roasted my feet as I commonly do just before going to bed; but the Captain didn't mind it no more than nothing at all—there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"I then kivered up the fire, and thought he couldn't help taking the hint; but he sot, and sot, and sot, and sot.

"Think says I you're pretty slow at taking a hint, Captain Spinitout; so I said plainly that I thought it was bedtime—speaking always to my husband; but so I thought the Captain couldn't help taking it to himself—but, la, it didn't do no good at all—for there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Seeing there was no likelihood of his going home, I axed him if he would stay all night. O no, he said, he couldn't possibly stay a minute; so seeing there was no use in saying any thing, I went to bed. But, la, would you think it, when I got up in the morning, as true as I'm alive, there was Capt. Spinitout, setting just where I left him the night before—and there," concluded the old lady, lifting up her hands in a despairing attitude, "and there he sot, and sot, and sot."—Constellation.

## ORIGIN OF UNCLE SAM.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, Esq. of this city, when a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c.—The inspectors of those articles at that place, were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "Uncle Sam") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the Contractor for the army.—The casks were marked E. A.—U. S.—This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S. for United States, was almost then entirely new to them) said "he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson, and Uncle Sam,"—alluding exclusively, then to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen and passed currently. Many of those workmen were found shortly after, pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. The old jokes of course accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so long as U. S. remains a nation.—N. Y. Gazette.

The origin of the epithet, as the story runs in this quarter, arose from one person asking another the meaning of "U. S.—L. D." on the knapsacks of some Light Dragoons, the answer to which was "they are Uncle Sam's Lazy Dogs."—Boston P.